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1885

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

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BELLS
Across The
Snow

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

ILLUSTRATED

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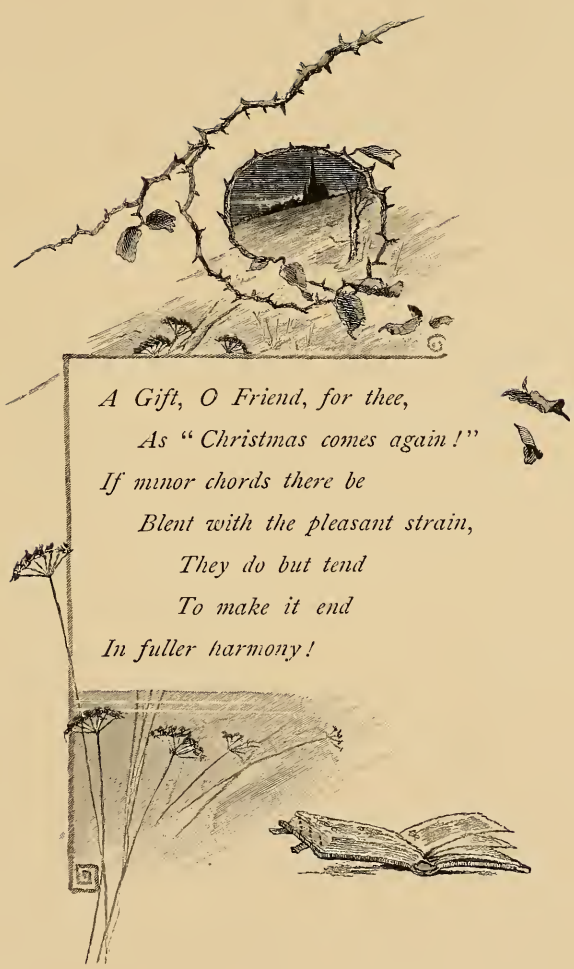

A Gift, O Friend, for thee,
As "Christmas comes again!"
If minor chords there be
Blent with the pleasant strain,
They do but tend
To make it end
In fuller harmony!

Designed by

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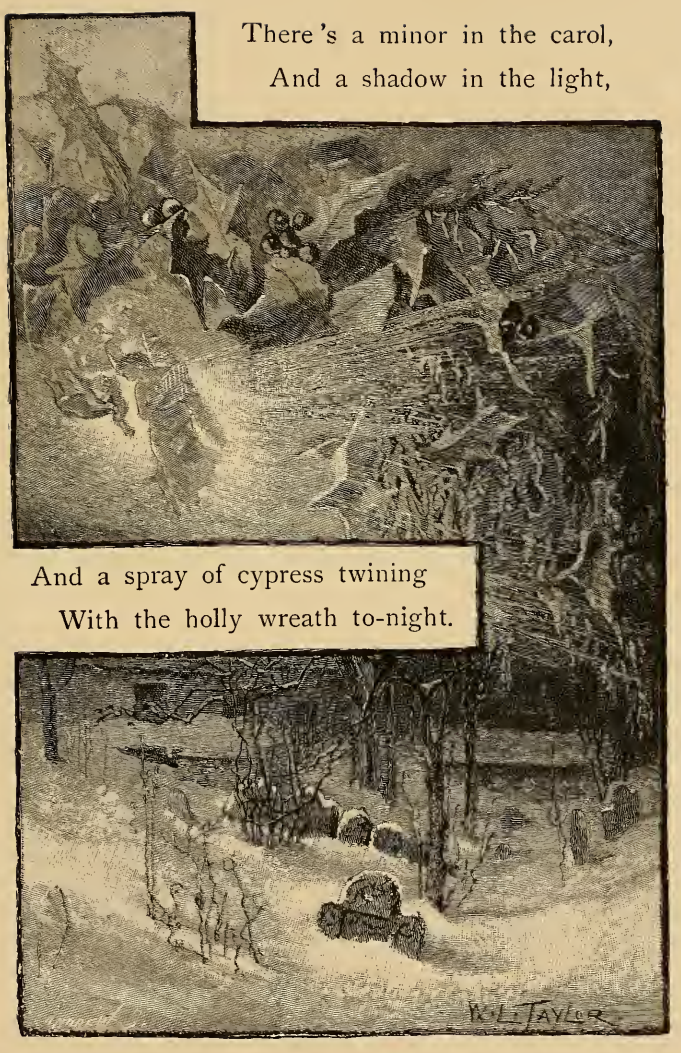
"*Christmas, merry Christmas.*"

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS! merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?

"With its memories and greetings."

There 's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,



And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.

And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'T is not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!

If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,

There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.

But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.

For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

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Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
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And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
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